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Mr. Thompson's picture, when finished, is to be either engraved or chromo-lithographed.

I wish to make an apology to the readers of the ART JOURNAL for the *Art Matters* of last week. Owing to severe illness I was prevented from correcting the proof myself, and many absurd errors crept into the article; therefore all misspelling of names, ridiculous expressions, ("*space and effort*," for instance, instead of "*space and effect*") and general slaughter of Her Gracious Majesty's English, must be looked upon as faults of the type and not of the writer.

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The Fall season at the theatres has fairly begun. The ball is opened, and small, large, and middling sized shot are beginning to fly in all directions. The managers have bestirred themselves to good effect during the Summer holidays, and, having dressed their theatrical viands with consummate skill, present to us a Sybarite repast of dramatic game.

First, as oysters, ("*filling at the price*," but well calculated to sharpen the appetite) comes Edwin Forrest; who made his first appearance at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening in "*Virginus*." During the week he has also appeared in "*Othello*" and "*Richelieu*." It is too late in the day to say anything new of Mr. Forrest's acting; by his undoubted talent and genius he has earned for himself a prominent position among American actors. That there are faults in his acting no one will deny, but it would be hard to point to a living actor who so successfully embodies the more powerful characters of the tragic drama. His present engagement promises to be one of his most successful; the house is crowded nightly by enthusiastic audiences, and the great tragedian seems to be playing with all his accustomed fire, energy, and power.

As soup, comes Jefferson; who makes his bow as "*Rip Van Winkle*" at the Olympic on Monday evening of next week. It is difficult to decide under what species of soup to class our great comedian—beef is too heavy, tomato too light—turtle, that's it—rich, pungent, genial; warming the cockles of our hearts by its racy piquancy. The management of the Olympic has changed hands; Mr. Grover retiring in favor of Mr. Jas. E. Hayes, well known as a scene painter of great talent. Mr. C. W. Tayleure is the competent acting manager and Mr. G. L. Fox, of Bowery fame, the stage manager. Among the company are Messrs. Davidge, Marlow, Hind, Fox, Misses Bessie Foote, a new importation from London, Bella Wallace, and the clever and talented soubrette, Alice Harrison. Of a verity the soup will be enjoyable.

As fish, we have "*Under the Gaslight*" at the New York Theatre—a very little of which goes a very great way.

As game, we have Wallack's. A sturdy woodcock over which we smack our lips in anticipation of the rich gravy of the old comedies, or the piquant meat of London novelities. The first production will probably be the last London success, "*The Great City*."

As the *plat de resistance* we now have Mrs. Lander and are to have Ristori—grand, statuesque, substantial. Our appetites may have palled after the preceding delicacies; but who can resist the tempting allurements, the savory odor of this, the culmination?

Then, as dessert, we have the new Fifth Avenue Theatre, where farces, vaudevilles, and burlesques will be deftly served up to us by the hands of Mr. Leffingwell, Mrs. Sedley Brown and the entire company. This establishment was opened on Monday evening of this week; the inaugural performance comprising "*Cinderella*" and "*Too Much for Good Nature*," in both of which pieces the company showed to good advantage.

To wash down the repast we will have the sparkling light wine of buffo opera at the French Theatre and the generous warmth of the sherry and madeira of Italian opera at the Academy; to say nothing of the sober porter of sacred concert and the pale ale of gushing concert room debutants.

The gong has sounded! Dinner is served! Public, critics be seated—your hosts have supplied a plentiful feast, eat and be happy.

"And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
And life's a but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink."

And the public eat, laugh, grow fat, and be merry. SHUGGE.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.—We call the attention of our readers to the announcement of Mr. A. W. Hawthorn. He will receive pupils on and after Monday, September 16th, at his residence, No. 2 Union Square, or at their residences. Mr. Hawthorn is a pianist of distinction, his style is pure and elegant, and as a teacher he is entirely conscientious. His system is thorough, and cannot fail to ensure rapid progress not only in the technical, but in the theoretical department. Mr. Hawthorn's piano compositions are also becoming widely known.

We can recommend Mr. Hawthorn very warmly to those who desire thorough instruction.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY is coming to this country. He sailed, according to the English papers, on the 24th ult, by the Persia. This gentleman will add another star to the English literary constellation that will make America their orbit the coming season. Mr. Sketchley is poet, composer, dramatist and lecturer.

PUCK RIDING ON A GRASSHOPPER.

It has been suggested by many influential gentlemen that Mr. Kuntze's fanciful and beautiful design of "*Puck riding on a Grasshopper*," should be executed in bronze, and placed in the children's playground in Central Park. We understand that the Park Commissioners have already given their permission.

The idea is a happy one, and will, we are sure, give general satisfaction. The cost of the work in bronze will be \$3,500, which sum it is proposed to raise by subscription. Considering the object, we think there will be no difficulty in raising that amount. Subscriptions can be sent G. P. Putnam & Son, Art Gallery, 661 Broadway.

We acknowledge the receipt of an excellent Photograph of this interesting work of art.

THE NEW SPECTACLE, "THE DEVIL'S AUCTION," AT BANVARD'S OPERA HOUSE.

The presentation of the above gorgeous piece will introduce to the American public Mdle. Guiseppina Morlacchi as the particular star among the many others engaged by Manager De Pol, during his recent trip to Europe.

Mdle. Morlacchi, of whom we hear so many brilliant accounts, has just concluded a most triumphant season at the Grand Theatre, Vienna, where, on the occasion of her benefit, she was presented with a magnificent crown of gold.

Judging from the critiques which we have seen in the continental papers of France, England, Italy and Prussia, New York is about to witness a proficient in the terpsichorean art that will rival even the peerless Fanny Ellsler.

Our new empresario, M. De Pol, has determined to inaugurate his managerial career in New York with the same *eclat* that has attended all his efforts in the principal European capitals, from whence he comes among us endorsed in the strongest manner by the principal and leading journals of London, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Turin, Venice and Berlin, all of which cities he has recently ransacked for novelties not only of first class artistes, but for the best and most novel effects in the scenic art, combined with all accessories of modern mechanical contrivances.

Among the numerous engagements made by Manager De Pol, of course always naming first, as the bright particular star, Mdle. Morlacchi, the following artists of merit, any one of whom, from the reputation preceding them, will, we think, successfully compete with any dansesuses now on the American stage. We may mention: